

THOUSANDS GATHER FOR THE FUNERAL OF THOS. A. LEWELLYN

Through About Grave of Dead Soldier Largest in History of Town.

AN AVIATOR STREWS FLOWERS

Machine Proceeds Funeral Cortege on Way to Cemetery and Flies About During Final Rites There; Legion Post in Charge; Other News of Day.

Special to The Courier:

SCOTTSVILLE, Oct. 18.—The funeral services for Thomas A. Lewellyn, Scottdale, first boy to lose his life in the World War, were the most impressive ever held in Scottdale. They were conducted Friday afternoon in the Methodist Episcopal church by Rev. Wilson Jeffries, who also presided at the service. The church was crowded to the doors. The local post of The American Legion named for Thomas Lewellyn, were out to a march. They acted as pallbearers, escort and honor guard to the Scottdale cemetery where fully 5,000 persons had gathered to witness the burial.

While the funeral procession moved out Broadway the Carroll airplane preceded it, the pilot, Lieut. Terrence Overholt, flying low and throwing flowers in the path of the funeral car.

During the entire service by the Legion, Lieutenant Overholt flew over the cemetery and strewn flowers over the cemetery and on the grave of Lewellyn.

The funeral was the largest ever held in Scottdale, it was said.

Some Drops

Prices have dropped and here is a sale to prove it. Bendiner's take a real prize in inviting the women of Scottdale and vicinity to the most remarkable demonstration of extraordinary value-giving. War prices are dead! High cost of living is laid down. Come prices. Our economy campaign is on! The sensational values will astonish every woman in this town and vicinity. Right in the heart of the fall season you are given the choice of over a thousand brand new fall and winter garments at sensational reductions because of market changes and drop in prices to meet the new conditions. Real, old-time prices now in every department. This is your sale! Come, come in, believe me! Bendiner's, the Broadway location, here, here, to Broadway bank, Scottdale, Pa.—Adv.

New Standard Bearers.

A meeting held at the home of Mrs. P. Strickler on Friday evening, from the Methodist Episcopal church, elected the new Standard Bearer. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mildred Keenell; first vice president, Florence Rutherford; second vice president, Mary Kiefer; recording secretary, Margaret Rutherford; corresponding secretary, Leola Kelly; treasurer, Frances Madock; secretary of literature, Henrietta Brilhart.

For Sale.—Roll top desk and chair, water motor, washer. Call 22 Collier avenue.—15-31.

Political Questions Discussed.

Mrs. O. I. Hess entertained the Saturday afternoon club of Mount Pleasant and Scottdale at her home in Chestnut street on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. William McWilliams read a paper on "The Celtic People: Irish, Scotch and Welsh." Miss Helen Galloway talked on "What is the Machinery Which Must Be Used in Voting?" Mrs. M. W. Horner read a paper on "The Republican Candidate and Platform." Following the program refreshments were served and a very pleasant social hour followed.

At the U. P. Church, Dr. A. M. Buchanan, superintendent of missions in the Redstone Presbyterian, preached at the First Presbyterian church on Sunday morning and evening.

Personal Notes.

Wanted.—Experienced girl for general housework; motor washer, sweeper; good wages. Bell phone, 91-W. Mrs. W. S. Goshorn, 334 South Chestnut street.—Adv-15-31

Wanted.—Furnished, or unfurnished house for rent, or housekeeping or both by young couple; best of reference. Write E. Reynolds, care of Hill House.—Adv-14-4t.

TO MEN WHO ARE BELOW PAR
The Experience of This Man Will Interest You.

J. George Reynolds says: "I am in the insurance business. I was overworked, tired out, nervous and all run down so I could hardly keep around and it is remarkable how quickly I have been built up by Vinol and my working strength restored."

Our local druggists, the Lushway Drug Co., says that there is nothing that acts so quickly in such cases as Vinol. It enriches the blood, quickens the circulation, sharpens the appetite and imparts strength and energy to every part of the body.

Your druggist sells Vinol, therefore men who are overworked, run-down and blood poor should accept no substitute.—Adv.

A False Standard of Culture has gained ground in this country which looks upon the bearing and rearing of children as something coarse and vulgar, and to be avoided, but the advent of Eugenics means much for the motherhood of the race. Every mother who knows that her child's ability depends upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore her to health, and when head-aches and backaches are a thing of the past, her child and fair daughter are born, and her blessing—Adv.

Winning Arguments
In our advertising columns and in our office.

You Just Try NR For That Indigestion

Get your organs of digestion, assimilation and elimination working in harmony and watch your trouble disappear. NR does it or money back.

One Day's Test Proves NR Best

The stomach only partly digests the food we eat. The process is finished in the intestines where the food is mixed with bile from the liver.

It must be plain to any sensible person who realizes this, that the stomach, liver and bowels must work in harmony if digestive troubles are to be avoided.

This fact also explains why sufferers from indigestion also suffer more or less from headaches, biliousness and constipation.

If you are one of the many unfortunate persons who cannot eat without suffering afterward, if you are constipated, have bilious spells, headaches, coated tongue, bad breath, variable appetite, are nervous, losing energy and feel your health slipping away, then you need a box of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) right today and start taking it. Give it a trial for a week or two and just see how much better you feel. See how quickly your sluggish bowels will become as regular as clock work. How your coated tongue clears up and your good, old-time appetite returns. See how splendidly your food will digest and how your energy, "pop" and "snags" revive. Just try it.

You take no risk whatever for Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is only one box, enough to last twenty-five days, and it must help and benefit you in your entire satisfaction, or money returned.

Five million boxes are used every year—one million NR Tablets are taken by ailing people every day—that's the best proof of its merits. Nature's Remedy is the best and safest thing you can take for biliousness, constipation, indigestion and similar complaints. It is sold, guaranteed and recommended by your druggist.

NR TONIGHT—
Tomorrow Afloat
Get a 25 Box

CONNELLSVILLE DRUG CO., Connelville, Pa.

Sweaters Follow Devious Ways



SWEATERS—that worn most have a broad interpretation to cover all the varied garments that are called by it—are going by many paths this fall. But all lead in one direction and their goal is to furnish more warmth and less color, apparently, than their forerunners of the past season. There are so many variations of the principal model that every one can be suited. Slip-over and cardigan designs find about equal favor. Both in short and fingerless lengths and in snug-fitting or loose adjustment. Some of the snug slip-over sweaters are only a little longer than a blouse. They are usually knitted with a band about the bottom, and long enough to extend about six inches below the waistline where they turn jauntily upward in a narrow cuff.

Another short model appears in the surplus sweater and comes in the brighter colors. This is knitted length also, open at the front with attached knitted belt extended so that it can

be brought round the waist and tied at the back. Knitted or braided belts and sashes of the same wool as the sweater are the rule. Colors are quiet with the exception of some strong blues and greens and in many combinations no contrasting colors are introduced, but borders and bands are accomplished by varying the stitch in the knitting.

An attractive slip-over sweater is shown in the picture. Its neck and sleeves are unusual, the former having a square opening at the front and the latter deep-knitted flounces. The border at the bottom is of the same color as the sweater and so is the long knitted sash. This model fits snugly about the hips and is a trifle longer than its forerunners.

Julia Bottomly

Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD, Oct. 18.—The following members of the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Presbyterian churches of Smithfield met with Mrs. T. R. Lynch at her home at Fairbank Thursday and held an all day sewing bee: Mrs. M. R. Hackman, Mrs. Curtis Shaw, Mrs. T. O. Wise, Mrs. S. Wheatstone, Mrs. A. C. Jones, Mrs. E. O. Bowman, Mrs. H. M. Kyle, Mrs. C. J. Dunn, Mrs. W. O. Campbell, Mrs. C. B. Jackson, Mrs. J. N. O'Neill, Mrs. A. Howard, Mrs. H. O'Neill, Mrs. Jennie Snel, Mrs. J. T. King, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Richard, Mrs. Lizette Black, Miss Pleasant Wheatstone, all of Smithfield; Mrs. E. R. O'Neill, Mrs. Dobass, Mrs. Thomas Finley and Mrs. Edward Semans of New Salem. The societies worked industriously from early in the forenoon until 6 o'clock in the evening, when the ladies took their departure on the 6 o'clock car on the West Penn for their respective homes, conscious of having spent an enjoyable and a profitable day both to Mrs. Lynch as well as to her lady friends who honored her by their presence on the happy occasion.

The community was shocked on learning of the sudden taking off of Andrew L. Glover at his home near Out Crop Friday evening when he took suddenly ill with a pain in his side from which he died soon after. He was a member of the board of directors of the county home and one of the most efficient members of that body and highly respected citizen of this community. He took a pain about the heart while working on his automobile Friday morning. Quitting work and going to the house he got better and returned to work, when a recurrence of the pain came and he

died shortly after.

William Mayfield, Jr., is wearing a smile that won't come off. The reason therefor and thereof is the advent into the home of a baby girl on Thursday, October 14. Mother and babe are doing nicely.

Stiles Vanbreeman has resigned his position as minority inspector of the election of the borough election board, on account that he will not be here on election. He will leave on or about the 30th of the month for a trip to Kansas and Nebraska to spend a vacation with friends and relatives. Mrs. John McDonald of Smithton and Mrs. G. A. Feather of this place visited Dr. James Brownfield at his home in Fairmont Thursday. The doctor is a Civil War veteran and is indisposed on account of age. He is an uncle of Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Feather.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moody were Unalutown visitors Thursday. Mr. Moody is a resident officer for the borough school.

Patronize those who advertise.

HEAL SKIN DISEASES

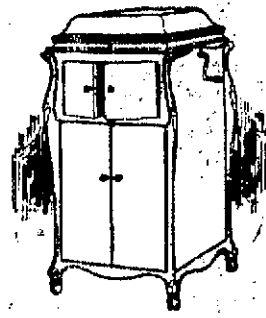
Apply Zemo, Clean, Penetrating, Antiseptic Liquid

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, blotches, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. Zemo, obtained at any drug store for 35c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching, burning, and stinging. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.

Zemo is a wonderful, penetrating, disappearing liquid and is soothing to the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it today and save all further distress. The E. W. Ross Co., Cleveland, O.

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Victrola XI—\$150



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Consider the matter thoughtfully and seriously and your decision will be that only with a Genuine Victrola can you secure the years of satisfactory service and musical satisfaction to which you are entitled.

For the Victrola is the supreme musical instrument. There need be no claims made for it. The Victrola has proven its supremacy. You know NOW that the Victrola will bring to you the world's greatest music exactly as the greatest artists have chosen to be heard.

You will never regret buying a Genuine Victrola.

A Small Deposit
Will Reserve Any
Victrola for Christmas



Look Under the Lid

For your own protection see for yourself that the instrument you buy bears the famous Victor trademark. It is placed on all Genuine Victor instruments and records to protect you from substitution. The trademark under the lid is your assurance that you are buying a genuine Victrola.

You Are
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at Aaron's

Connellsville's Reliable
AARON'S
Homefurnishers Since 1891.

DON'T LET THE LIBRARY CLOSE

The Carnegie Library of Connellsville belongs to all the people of the city and the territory surrounding it; whoever in Fayette or Westmoreland counties has the desire to avail themselves of its facilities.

Don't let it close its doors, as will be the only alternative if the trustees are not provided with funds to maintain it during the current year. You can help prevent this disaster to our community by joining with other good citizens in contributing to the fund now being raised to save this useful institution for yourself, your children and your neighbors and their children.

Whatever you may do, be the gift large or small, will help in the laudable undertaking now in progress. Fill out the blank below for such amount as is a measure of your interest in this institution; make check payable to L. F. RUTH, Treasurer, and mail to The Library Fund Editor, The Courier, Connellsville. All subscriptions thus received will be acknowledged through the columns of The Courier.

Subscription to Library Fund

Library Fund Editor,
The Courier,
Connellsville, Pa.

I hereby enclose \$_____ as my contribution to the Fund being raised in behalf of the Carnegie Library of Connellsville.

Your truly,

Address _____

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SO deliciously pure and tasty
—each piece tempts you to
"just one more." Made in
dozens of popular varieties, including your favorite kind.

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Spend your money where
you can. Ask your dealer
for Sparrows' Chocolates.

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The Greatest Achievement in Values Ever Offered

New Fall and Winter
Wearing Apparel to Be
Sacrificed at
Phenomenal Reductions

The united efforts of leading manufacturers and ourselves to sell merchandise to the public of Connellsville and vicinity at prices dropped down to the very lowest.

Watch Wednesday's Papers for Further
Details.

BAZAAR DEPT. STORE
212-N PITTSBURG ST. 216
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

The Sporting World

HIGH SCHOOL DEFEATS LATROBE 24-0; ELEVEN SHOWS AN IMPROVEMENT

Coker Gridsiders Are on Their Feet Throughout Show Co-ordinated Plays

"SCRUBS" SHOW UP VERY WELL

Connellsville high school defeated Latrobe decisively at Fayette Field on Saturday, 24-0. The Cokers showed more team play and knowledge of football than seen at any home game this season, easily outclassing the visitors.

The game was an interesting one. High straight football and aerial plays were attempted and carried through successfully. Connellsville pressed the attack in both. Two touchdowns were scored in the first half, one in each quarter. In the second half, Latrobe came up with forwards at every opportunity. The Cokers intercepted several of these, breaking up the drive of play. The visitors showed a lot of extra strength in the closing minutes of the game, getting two first downs consecutively and starting back for a third.

Connellsville had the upper hand from the beginning. Although Haddock tumbled the first play and lost the ball to Latrobe, the break had no serious result. Latrobe immediately attempted a forward which little "Ab" Johnson, playing a safety position, intercepted. From that time on Connellsville had the game on ice.

Latrobe was backed on both ends and the play was stopped. The team could not gain consistently and when a runner would charge into one of Connellsville's big tackles he found himself stopped.

Coach Rupp started some men who had been on the team during the previous year but who had shown some heady play. The afternoon before, in the game with Mount Pleasant High, the second stringers who opened the game were Henry, McCormick and Seisson. The latter, at quarter, proved the best field general who has been in charge of the team. He finished the game in last position.

THE LINE-UP

CONNELLSVILLE LATROBE
Henry L. E. Hazlett
Side L. T. G. Butterbaugh
McConnell L. G. Stewart
Zionell R. C. Obenauer
Wyle R. C. McDowell
Tumaska R. T. A. Butterbaugh
Ned R. E. Oursler
Edison Q. B. Sipe
Whiskey L. H. Abbatello
Haddock F. H. Datterway
McCormick P. B. Carter
Substitutions—Connellsville: Ned for Wyle, Ross for Henry, Melnick for McCormick, Bush for Whiskey, Shaw for Mountain, Mountain for Haddock, Seisson for Sipe, Wyle for Ned, Connellsville for Wyle for Ned, Latrobe: Kelly for Sipe, Horrell for Kelly, Hartman for Obenauer, Rogers for McDowell, Furry for Rogers, Smith for Oursler, Hoffman for A. Butterbaugh.

Touchdowns—Haddock 3, Melnick. References—Eighteen.
Huddle—Seibek.
Head Linesman—Seibek.
Time—Strawn.

Notes of the Game

The touchdowns scored Saturday were the first made this year by Connellsville at Fayette Field. The fans were delighted.

The boys certainly warmed up to "Ab" Seisson as their general. The little fellow always has the team working together and during a time out kept them on their toes ready to drive again.

Same Melnick showed what running was when he reeled off 35 yards for a touchdown just after getting into the game. Later he hit off 35 yards more when the ball came to Connellsville by Seisson's interception of a forward pass.

Greensburg is to be the next victim. Coach Rupp has a program ahead for his boys this week which will require them to conserve every ounce of energy. Regardless of the result next week, Connellsville is going with a determination to win.

Haddock failed on kicking three goals and a field goal. Coach Rupp has the job of developing a man for this during the week.

Whiskey got away with the first good punt of the year for the Cokers. It went 50 yards.

A coincidence Saturday was that both teams played under the "Orange and Black." It was difficult to determine who was and who wasn't a Connellsville rooter.

Connellsville attempted a drop for Connellsville but failed. It was only an experiment. The team didn't need the score.

Greensburg defeated Johnstown high Saturday, 55-0. Calvin McNitt, who started the game here, played fullback for 15 minutes with the Flood City team.

Natural Attitude.
"I should think a woman would make a good X-ray photographer."
"Why so?"
"I take X-rays to see through things."

The Reason.
"The girl says I look all her looking like a doctor."
"What?"
"I look like a doctor's coat."

BASEBALL CLUB OWNERS CONSIDER USE OF HEADGEAR FOR BATSMEN



Magistrate F. X. McQuade, treasurer of the New York Giants, states that the officials of that club and other big league organizations are considering adopting a protective headgear for batsmen such as the one pictured above, which was designed to prevent injuries such as the one received by Ray Chapman when he was killed by a pitched ball which struck him on the head at the New York Polo grounds. The helmet is like that of a football player except that it has a visor like the one on a baseball cap. The idea is regarded as a good one by officials. It will be remembered that Roger Bresnahan was ridiculed when he appeared on the Polo grounds 10 years ago with chest protector and shin guards, but these are today taken as a matter of course and necessities, as are the big catcher's mitts, so designed a few years ago.

LAW AIDS SCHOOL CHILDREN

Michigan Athletic Board Has \$74,000 on Hand to Buy Athletic Equipment.

The Michigan athletic board of control, in its first year of supervision of organized boxing and wrestling under the Duffie bill, has \$74,000 on hand ready to purchase athletic equipment for the rural schools. Thomas W. Higger, chairman, announced receipt of a check for \$12,000 from Floyd P. Simmons, proprietor of the Jack Dempsey and Billy Wolfe bout at Boston Harbor Labor day. Higger said when Dempsey stepped into the ring at Boston Harbor it meant a baseball, a catcher's mask and a football for every country school in Michigan.

MADE EXCHANGE OF SWORDS

American Officer in Havana Was Not to Be Outdone in Courtesy by Any Cuban.

Maj. E. Ormendo Power, United States army, says the most embarrassing moment of his army life was in Havana when he was a lieutenant in 1898. The United States had just taken control of Cuba and Lieutenant Power was sent to Havana to see about taking over some property.

While in a restaurant he saw four Cuban officers, immediately garbed in true Latin manner, they rose bowed ceremoniously, and invited him to sit at their table.

"Sir," said one of the officers, rising. "It gives us the honor very distinguished to have an American officer join us—to have the valiant Americans in control of our country. My feeling is so great that I beg of you to give me the honor of accepting my sword."

With that he whipped out his beautiful Toledo blade, made of a steel like the like of which no American ever possessed. As the young American, awkwardly waited the Cuban, he took the point of his Toledo blade in the center of the table, bent it double, and as it whipped back into shape gracefully handed it to Power.

Feeling it up to him to do something graceful, Lieutenant Power begged the Cuban accept his sword to establish relations further. With that he whipped out his \$10 blade, bought from a department store on the East side of New York, imitating the Cuban, he stuck the point in the middle of the table, bent it double—and it stayed bent!

Without a tremor, Lieutenant Power calmly handed the blade, now bent like a pretzel, to the Cuban, and made him a sweeping bow. "From the American, New Official Newspaper of the American Army of Occupation."

Meaning of Word "Hogan"

The hut of the Navajo Indians is called a "hogan." It consists of a conical framework covered with poles, bark and earth. The main beams turn north, south and west, while the entrance is on the east side. Sometimes the shelter of the Pima tribes are also called hogans.

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Welding and brazing of all kinds regardless of shape or size. Carbon Arc Welding. Emergency Work promptly attended to.

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JOHNNY DONNELLY IS VICTOR OVER CARTER WINS IN EIGHTH ROUND

Local Boxer Scores Knockdown in First Frame; Then is Slowly Beaten.

After putting up a slashing fight for four rounds with Johnny Donnelly of Gainsboro, Billy Carter, the local colored pugilist, was forced to throw up the sponge in the eighth, giving the visiting battler a technical knockout in the bout Saturday evening in Slavic hall.

The fight kept the house on its feet almost throughout. There was never any slowing down. In the opening round Carter started things and kept them going as long as he could. Then Donnelly came back strong and drove his opponent from the ring. Donnelly's main torture tool was a left jab which he worked constantly on Carter, drawing blood in the third and then closing an eye.

Carter, who had trained hard for two weeks in order to make the required weight, had taxed his strength too much, his seconds said. He never stopped fighting, however, until the sponge went into the ring in the eighth.

In the opening frame of the fight Carter drove a smashing right to Donnelly's jaw and felled him. The Uniontown boxer took the count of eight and then came back to his feet. The bell rang and the round ended. Many contend that if there had been 15 more seconds to fight in this round, Carter would have had the victory.

The second and third rounds were evenly tied and in the fourth Donnelly had a shade. Then he completely outboxed Carter. When the colored pugilist went to his corner in the fifth, he was almost helpless and the eighth had only started when Duke Barry, his manager, threw the towel into the ring.

In the semi-final, Bud Brown of Homestead and Eddie Carver of Pittsburgh fought a fast eight round draw. Johnny Pollock of Dawson and Kid Singer of Pittsburgh, came to a draw in a six round curtain raiser. Connellsville fight fans were somewhat surprised at the outcome of the fight but were wholly satisfied with the card. The feature bout was easily the best ever staged here, in the unanimous verdict.

Making Money Now

"Is Scribner still doing literary work?"

"Oh no. Scribner has given up his dream of fame and decided to let posterity take care of itself while he earns a living for his family."

"Sensible decision. Is he selling automobiles?"

"No. He's writing popular fiction for the magazines."

Explaining It

"It is hard to teach women by experience."

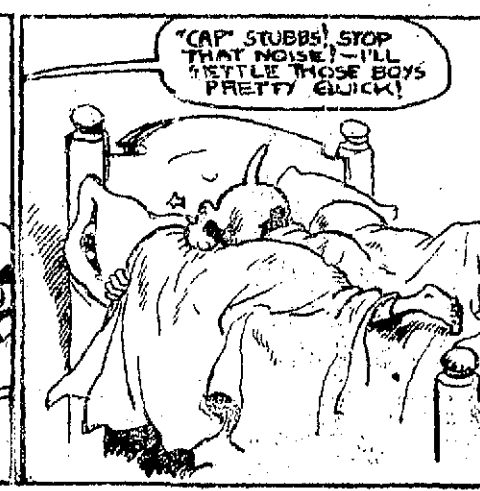
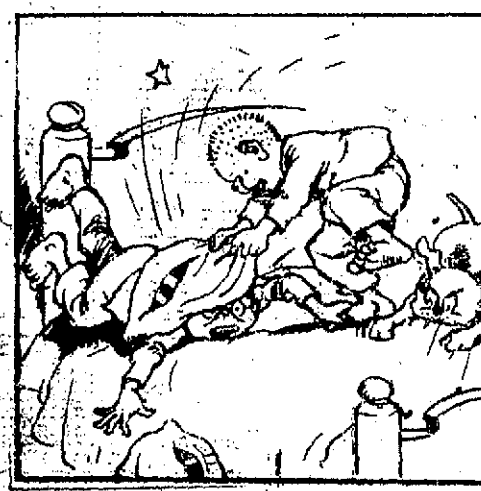
"Very likely it is because women object to getting wrinkles."

Is Your Engine
Running Hot?

A very common
cause of overheating
is poor lubrication.
Don't blame the engine
until you have given
it a chance. Ask for—

ATLANTIC
MOTOR OIL

"CAP" STUBBS



TO SAY NOTHING OF SAMMY!

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This store's superior position is made more secure in our exclusive affiliation with the National Purchasing Organization—an organization of 500 leading furniture stores of the United States who buy together and in addition own several factories—greatly lowered prices are only a natural result of our pooled buying.

Fall Housecleaning
Becomes Easy With a
**Vital Vacuum
Cleaner**

The Vital is an Automatic Vacuum Sweeper with a Suction as Powerful as the best Electric, yet costs nothing to operate.

Come in and let us demonstrate the wonderful Vital to you—note its construction—absolutely nothing to get out of order or wear out. Made of aluminum—handsome in appearance and thoroughly efficient.

Summer Finery is Safest in One of Our
Genuine Tennessee Red

Cedar Chests

Largest selection of guaranteed Cedar Chests in the city—new styles that are superior to anything you have seen in the past. See the display now while it is at its best.

ZIMMERMAN WILD COMPANY
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154-158 West Crawford Avenue, Opposite West Penn Waiting Room.
Connellsville's Exclusive Member of the World's Greatest Buying Organization.

Winston-Salem, N. C.
Friday p. m.

DEAR OLD PETE:

Just wound up the one swellest day of my life! Since early this morning when I got an invitation to visit R. I. Reynolds Tobacco Co. factories, I've been in the midst of millions of Camel cigarettes.

Man—the happiest idea you or I ever had as to the size of this Reynolds enterprise, or the number of Camels manufactured daily, is simply phrased! Wipe off the slate and start fresh! Why—Pete, it seemed to me like a couple of those cigarette-making machines could keep half the nation smoking Camels steadily—BUT—honest to goodness, there are hundreds of these machines bating out Camels at the rate of 27,000 an hour—EACH!

Pete, you wouldn't have to consult a guide book to know you were in the Camel factories! The atmosphere is charged with that wonderful aroma you get when you open up a deck of Camels! And, you know, old elephant—you've had a trunk full!

As the Camels dropped into the containers I figured the delight each one would supply! And, how Camels mellow, mild body would hit the right spot and how Camels refreshing flavor would cheer up some smoker's jaded appetite! And, each Camel free from any unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor! And—

Pete—I'll have to lay off and light another Camel! Write you some more soon.

Yours joyously

Shorty
Camel
CIGARETTES

THE GREAT SHADOW

By
A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of
"The Hound of the Baskin Family"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle.

Of the French we had seen little, save the tall, thin, and the few horsemen here and there on the curbs of the ridge, but as we stood and waited there came suddenly a grand blare from their bands, and their whole army came flooding over the low hill which had hid them—bride and groom, and division after division—until the broad slope in its whole length and depth was blue with their uniforms and bright with the glint of their weapons. It seemed that they would never have done, still pouring over and pouring over, while our men, leaning on their muskets and smoking their pipes, looked down at this grand gathering and listening to what the old soldiers, who had fought the French before, had to say about them. Then, when the infantry had formed in long, deep masses, their guns came whirling and bounding down the slope, and it was easy to see how smartly they unlimbered and were ready for action. And then, at a stately trot, down came the cavalry—thirty regiments at the least, with plumes and breastplates, twinkling sword and flashing lance—forming great ranks and rear in long, shifting, glimmering lines.

"Them's the chaps," cried our old sergeant. "They're glutted to fight, they are. And you see them regiments with the great high hats in the middle, a bit behind the front. That's the Guard—twenty thousand of them, my sons, and all picked men—gray-headed devils that have done nothing but fight since they were as high as my gaiters. They've three men to our two, and two guns to one, and by gad, they'll make you recruits wish you were back in a bell, and ten thousand times finished with you." He was not a cheering man, our sergeant, but then he had been in every fight since Corunna, and had a medal with seven clasps upon his breast, so that he had a right to talk in his own fashion. When the Frenchmen had arranged themselves just out of cannon shot we saw a small group of horsemen, all in blue with silver and scarlet and gold, ride swiftly between the divisions; and as they went a roar of cheering burst from the ranks, and we could see arms outstretched to them and hands waving. An instant later the noise had died away and the two armies stood facing each other in absolute deadly silence—a sight which often comes back to me in my dreams. Then of a sudden there was a lurch among the men just in front of us, a thin column wheeled off from the dense blue clump, and came swinging up toward the farmhouse which lay below us. It had not taken fifty paces before a gun banged out from an English battery on our left, and the battle of Waterloo had begun.

It is not for me to tell you the story of that battle, and indeed I should have kept far enough away from such a thing had it not happened that our own faces—those of the three simple folk who came from the border country—were all just as much mixed up in it as those of any king or emperor of them all. Do tell the honest truth, I have learned more about that battle from what I have read than from what I saw, for how much could I see with a comrade on either side, and a great white cloud bank at the very end of my horizon? It was from books and the talk of others that I learned how the heavy cavalry charged, how they rode over the famous culmstrassers, and how they were cut to pieces before they could get back. From them, too, I learned all about the successive assaults, and how the Belgians fled, and how the French stood firm. But of my own knowledge I can only speak of what we saw during that long day in the rifts of the smoke and the bills of the flag, and it's just of that that I will tell you.

We were on the right of the line and in reserve, for the Duke of Wellington might well have said that that side and get at him from behind, so our three regiments, with another British brigade and the Hanoverians, were placed there to be ready for anything. There were two brigades of light cavalry, too, but the French attack was all from the front, so it was late in the day before we were really wanted. The English battery which fired the first gun was still banging away on our left, and a German one was hard at work upon our right, so that we were wrapped round with the smoke, but we were not so hidden as to screen us from a line of French guns opposite, for a score of round shot came plinking through the air and plumped right into the heart of us. As I heard the scream of them pass my ear my head went down like a diver, but our sergeant gave me a prod in the back with the handle of his halbert.

"Don't be so blasted polite," said he. "When you're hit you can bow once and for all."

"There was one of those balls that knocked five men into a bloody mash."



KEMP'S BALSAM

and I saw it lying on the ground afterwards, like a crimson football. Another went through the adjutant's horse with a plip, like a stone in the mud, broke its back and left it lying like a burst gooseberry. Three more fell farther to the right, and by the stir and cries we could tell that they had all told.

"Ah, James, you've lost a good mount," says Major Reed, just in front of me, looking down at the adjutant, whose boots and breeches were all running with blood.

"I gave a cool fifty for him in Glasgow," said the other. "Don't you think, major, that the men had better lie down, now that the guns have got our range?"

"But!" said the other. "They are young, James, and it will do them good."

"They'll get enough of it before the day's done," grumbled the other, but at that moment Colonel Reynell saw that the Rifles and the Fifty-second were down on either side of us, so we had the order to stretch ourselves out low. Precious glad we were when we could hear the shot whining like hungry dogs within a few feet of our backs. Even now a thud and a splash every minute or so, with a yelp of pain and a drumming of boots upon the ground, told us that we were still losing heavily.

A thin rain was falling and the damp air held the smoke low, so that we could only catch glimpses of what was doing just in front of us, though the roar of the guns told us that the battle was general all along the line. Four hundred of them were all crashing at once now, and the noise was enough to split the drum of your ear. Indeed, there was not one of us but had a slinging in his head for many a long day afterward. Just opposite us, on the slope of a hill, was a French gun, and we could see the men serving her quite plainly. They were small, active men with very tight breeches and high hats with great, straight plumes sticking up from them, but they worked like sheep shears, ramming and sponging and training. There were fourteen when I saw them first, and only four left standing at the last, but they were working away just as hard as ever.

The fact that they called Hougomont was down in front of us, and all morning we could see that a terrible fight was going on there, for the walls and the windows and the orchard hedges were all flame and smoke, and there rose such shrieking and crying from it as I never heard before. It was half-burned down, and shattered with balls, and ten thousand men were hammering at the gates, but four hundred guardsmen held it in the morning, and two hundred held it in the evening, and no French foot was ever set within its threshold. But how they fought those Frenchmen! Their lives were no more to them than the mud under their feet. There was one—I can see him now—a stoutish, ruddy man on a crutch. He hobbled up alone in a lull of the firing to the side gate of Hougomont, and he stood upon it, screaming to his men to come after him. For five minutes he stood there, strutting about in front of the gun-barrels which spared him, but at last a Brunswick skirmisher in the orchard flicked out his branch with a white-hot shot, and he was only one of many, for all day, when they did not come in masses they came in twos and threes, with as brave a face as if the whole army was at their heels.

No, we lay all morning looking down at the fight at Hougomont; but soon the Duke saw that there was nothing to fear upon his right, and so he began to use us in another way. The French had pushed their skirmishers past this farm, and they lay among the young corn in front of us, popping at the gunners, so that three pieces out of six on our left were lying with their men strewn in the mud all round them. But the Duke had his eyes everywhere, and up he galloped at that moment, a thin, dark, wiry man, with very bright eyes, a hooked nose, and a big cock on his cap. There were a dozen officers at his heels, all as merry as if it were a fox-hunt; but of the dozen there was not one left in the evening.

"Warn work, Adams," said he as he rode up.

"Very warm, your grace," said our general.

"But we can outstay them at it, I think! Tut! tut! we cannot let skirmishers silence a battery. Just drive those fellows out of that, Adams."

Then, first I knew what a devil's thrill runs through a man when he has given a bit of fighting to do. Up to now we had just lain and been killed, which is the vilest kind of work. Now it was our turn, and, my word, we were ready for it. Up we jumped, the whole brigade, in a four-deep line, and rushed at the cornfield as hard as we could. The skirmishers snapped at us as we came, and then away they bolted like corn-crakes, their heads down, their backs rounded, and their muskets at the trail. Half of them got away, but we caught up the others, the officers first, for we were a very fat man who could not run fast. It gave me quite a turn when I saw Rob Stewart on my right stick his

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Pumped Through the System by the Heart It Sustains the Muscles and Tissues

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Keep the Quality of Your Blood at Its Best—It Means Vigorous Health and Ability to Accomplish.

Blood acts like a fuel. Pumped through the body by the heart, it sustains the muscles and tissues. It renews them. It feeds the brain—the tissue of the eye and face. That is why people look so pale and lifeless when blood is impoverished. The body tissues are being supplied with weak fuel. The blood has not enough red corpuscles. You would not eat poor food with no nutriment in it, no more should you let the fuel that supplies sustenance to your entire body be inferior. Have good blood. Improve the quality and keep it that way.

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Take that idea, tonic, Pepto-Mangan, to tone up your blood and purify it. Get the full enjoyment out of living. Breathe fresh air, take exercise. Be sure to ask for "Gude's Pepto-Mangan." It comes in convenient tablet form and in liquid. One has the same medicinal value as the other. There is only one genuine Pepto-Mangan, and the name "Gude's" is on the package—Adv.

hoyonet into the man's broad back and heard him howl like a lost soul. There was no quarter in that field, and it was hot or point for all of them. The men's blood was a flame, and little wonder, for those wasps had been stinging all morning without our being able so much as see them.

And now, as we broke through the further edge of the cornfield we got in front of the smoke, and there was the whole French army in position before us, with only two roads and a narrow lane between us. We set up as well as we saw them, and away we should have gone, slap at them, if we had been left to ourselves, for silly young soldiers never think that harm can come to them until it is there in their midst. But the Duke had cautioned his horse beside us as we advanced, and now he roared something to the general, and the officers all rode in front of our line, holding out their arms for us to stop. There was a blowing of bugles, a pushing and a shouting, with the sergeant cursing and flying us with their halberts, and in less than a minute it takes me to write it there was the brigade in three neat little squares, all bristling with bayonets and in echelon, as they call it, so that each could fire across the face of the other.

It was the saving of us, as even as young a soldier as I was could very easily see. And we had none too much time, either. There was a low, rolling hill on our right flank, and from behind this there came a sound like nothing on this earth, such as the beat of the waves on Berwick coast when the wind blows from the east. The earth was all shaking with that dull, roaring sound, and the air was full of it. "Steady, seventy-first, for God's sake, steady!" shrieked the voice of our colonel behind us, but in front was nothing but the green, gentle slope of the grassland, all mottled with daisies and madonnas.

And then suddenly, over the curve, we saw eight hundred brass helmets rise up, all in a moment, each with a long tip of horsehair flying from its crest, and then eight hundred fierce brown faces, all pushed forward, and glaring out from between the ears of as many horses. There was an instant of gleaming breast-plates, waving swords, tossing manes, fierce red nostrils opening and shutting, and hoofs pawing the air before us, and then down came the line of muskets, and our bullets snapped up against their armor like the clatter of a hailstorm upon a window. Fired with the rest, and then rained down another charge as fast as I could, starting out through the smoke in front of me, where I could see some long, thin thing, which I called slowly backward and forward. A bugle sounded for us to cease firing, and a whiff of wind came to clear the curtain from in front of us, and then we could see what had happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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I like the other fellow.
He's good to have along.
For I can always put the blame on him when things go wrong.

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"Haven't you time to go home and make a few speeches?"
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.
"What I'm in doubt about is whether I have time to listen to all the speeches they're getting ready to make to me."

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IDENTIFICATION.

Little brother's chum appeared unceremoniously in the parlor where big sister was entertaining her. Sunday afternoon beau. "Is Bobby home?" he wished to know. No, Bobby was not at home, and then, oh, unfortunate impulsive, big sister, desiring to show her visitor her sweet graciousness, even if the bosom of her own family, solicitedly inquired:

"Who shall I tell him called?" Bobby's chum twisted his cap, doubtless unconsciously to such rare courtesy, and, desiring to identify himself to his chum, while remaining inconspicuous to those queer adults, at length replied:

"If you'll just tell him that the gusher pig's got the little ones, then he'll know who it was that called."

Aliter, Moods.
"There's no doubt about it," mused Senator Sorghum, "we're a great deal more gentle and refined than we used to be."

"There have been some hard-boiled methods."

"Not in statelessness. There was a time when a political quarrel might lead to a duel. Now the worst you can expect is a libel suit."

